

# BALLYHOO

MARCH

15 CENTS





# HAS HE CEASED TO CARE?



**D**OES your husband put off shaving until he looks like one of the House of David boys?

Don't be discouraged, girls. That may mean he has ceased to care, and again it may not. But no matter what it is, you can cure him without any trouble, that is, to your-

self. While he's asleep some dark and stormy night, get out the old razor, the older the better, and give him the once-over.

When he looks in the mirror in the morning and mistakes his face for the Madison Square Garden ice after a fast hockey game, he'll

mend his ways . . . and his face.

One session such as pictured above ought to do the trick, that is, if he hasn't ceased to care about his face.

From then on you will find that your battered half will retire with a face as clean as a baby's!

# Jillette

RAZORS  BLADES

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# The Monsingwear Line-up for 1932



In union there is strength.  
This model guaranteed  
for life.

Sweet dreams to you in  
this chic model, with Free  
Wheeling.

The Vanities ensemble  
now worn by Earl Car-  
roll's Cuties.

Here's an undie as is an  
undie. It is called the  
"Franfurter."

And here we have  
the "All-American"  
for Athletic Gals.

**MONSING**  
  
*Wear*





The Zilch Conservatory for Deaf-Mutes in Zilchville, Ohio.

# AT ZILCHVILLE CONSERVATORY G-D RADIO again wins in tone-test!

At the Zilch Conservatory for Deaf-Mutes, G-D Radio again chalked up another decisive victory in its famous series of tone-tests.

A screen completely hid the four famous radios which competed. A screen also hid the advertising men who

conducted the contest, and the janitor of the Zilch Conservatory who was cock-eyed.

Not one listener knew the names of the rival sets! In fact, they didn't even know there were any radios in the building.

A button was pressed. The first radio played,

then the next, and the next. The listeners voted by number.

*The radio which swept to the finish with 999 votes out of 990 was—the G-D Radio!*

Believe your own ears! Buy the radio which has won 99 out of 90 tone-tests!



Believe your own ears!

PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS TONE-TEST BEING CONDUCTED

The G-D set was a stock model. Dr. Otto Zilch, director of the Zilch Conservatory counted the ballots, as follows:

- G-D Radio ..... 999
- Radio "A" ..... 000
- Radio "B" ..... 000
- Radio "C" ..... 000



G-D HIGHBOY with tubes \$89.99

GENERAL NUISANCE RADIO with CROON CONTROL

This is the G-D model which won the Zilch tone-test.





## Can you do THIS in YOUR automobile?



Can you drive  
after imbibing  
twelve Martini  
cocktails?

You CAN in  
a Puick



Can you go the  
wrong way on a  
One Way street?

You CAN in  
a Puick



Can you drive  
with one arm?

You CAN in  
a Puick



Can you hold up  
seven thousand  
cars with one auto-  
mobile?

You CAN in  
a Puick



Can you talk your-  
self out of a ticket  
in your present  
car?

You CAN in  
a Puick



Can you stall off  
the Instalment  
Collector?

You CAN in  
a Puick

# You CAN if you own The NEW PUICK EIGHT

## AN OPEN LETTER TO POND'S

You may not remember me, but I remember you when you were just a little ad. I clipped one of your coupons and you sent me a free tube of cream. It probably wasn't your fault that the tube got squashed but I never really had a fair chance of getting that flawless tea-rose complexion. And that's something I wanted to ask you—did Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt send in one of those coupons? Is that how you got in with her?

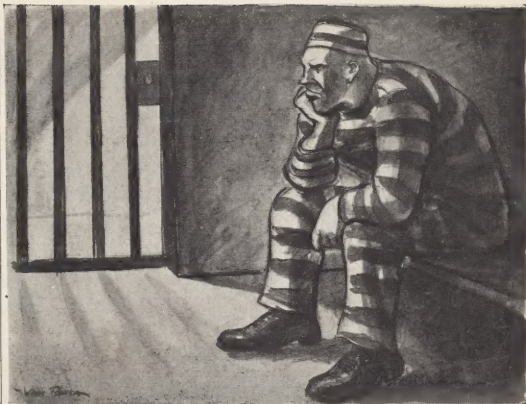
I've just been reading one of your ads and I've been thinking. You seem to be pretty important socially speaking, and I appreciate your wanting me to be in on it too. "To see Mrs. John Davis Lodge dance—to hear Miss Helen Choate play Beethoven and Brahms—to dine in the scintillating company of Mrs. Adrian Iselin II or Mrs. Morgan Belmont—these are delightful privileges!" The Four Charming New Yorkers, you head-lined them, and at first I thought you meant the Four Marx Brothers. All the same, I've had a secret desire to see what society is like and now, as I understand it, all I have to do is use Pond's Preparations. Dining with Mrs. Iselin and Mrs. Belmont has its advantages, though I've never been very fond of Beethoven or Brahms. But maybe Miss Choate knows some Stravinsky as well? And what are you planning to give anyway? A banquet?

Yes, I've been reading your ad and I've been thinking. But I've been reading the Lux soap ad also, and that's what's worrying me—do I want to be a social butterfly or do I want to be the glorified American girl? You see, I've a Bohemian streak. Mind you, I appreciate your offer, but I like artistic circles as well and the Lux ad looks like an all-star performance. For instance, I'll bet you didn't know that Lux is the official soap of the film studios?

What gets me, though, is how you got launched in society. Didn't you ever make any mistakes, such as taking up the Gene Tunneys before they were dropped from the social register? Things like that would have been embarrassing.

You've done a lot of social climbing and I'm right here to congratulate you on reaching the top. Why, I remember when—but heavens, now the entire Four Hundred cleanse their

(Continued on page 7)



# He "got by" for years without a good pen - but he finally arrived

**F**REDDIE borrowed many a pen, but he always returned them—for he couldn't write his name. One day he borrowed a Parker Ritzafold, and discovered that it would write not only his name but also other people's. So Freddie forgot to give it back. And every time he found a blank check he practised a new signature.

"Now I know what they mean by 'Pressureless Touch,'" he said. "It's a gift!"

"Check and rubber check!" agreed the sheriff, as he caught up with Freddie and led him to a nice non-breakable pen of his own.

The Parker point is this—Why offend others by helping yourself to their pen when merely by forging a check for \$7 you get the latest stonelined model, Guaranteed for Life.

## THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Janesville on the Rock (Pile), Wis.

OUR  
SLOGAN—

"For every 'lifer'  
a lifelong pen."

# Parker Ritzafold

N. B.\* Try a bottle of our home brewed Quink, and see if you can keep your balance.  
\*(not bad)

# Like Magic- CHEWSO

*Now . . . from an actual photograph . . . you can  
see the amazing difference in soaps*



*Photo by Warren Boyer*

Here before your very eyes is the explanation of CHEWSO'S miraculous cleansing power.

While other soaps bite here and there, CHEWSO reaches out and takes the seat right out of your lingerie!

Good bye soft hands . . . Good bye undies! Put CHEWSO on your liability list and learn the quick way to Nudism.





**THIS PAGE IS MISSING!**





**THIS PAGE IS MISSING!**





# BALLYHOO

Published by George T. Delacorte, Jr.

Edited by Norman Anthony

**"YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME—"**



*of  
Frank*





"Pardon me, Madame, I'm getting the reaction of 3,000 housewives to the Liberty ad on page ten."



"That, gentlemen, will make the reader soap conscious."



"Oh, he's a perfect gentleman. All you have to do is slap his hands once in a while."



"By Jove! What a well turned ankle!"



"Jenkins, what do you mean by interrupting this unemployment conference! You're fired!"



# ALL STAR REVIVAL OF

# THE BATHTUB JOKE!



"Hello, desk clerk? Am I, or am I not paying for a private bath?"

"Don't let him fire ya', Jimmy! Tell him y'll quit!"



"What's the matter with me—I ain't afraid of dogs!"





"Nice little wife you have, Montgomery."



"Do you have a cocktail with vitamins in it?"

Arthur



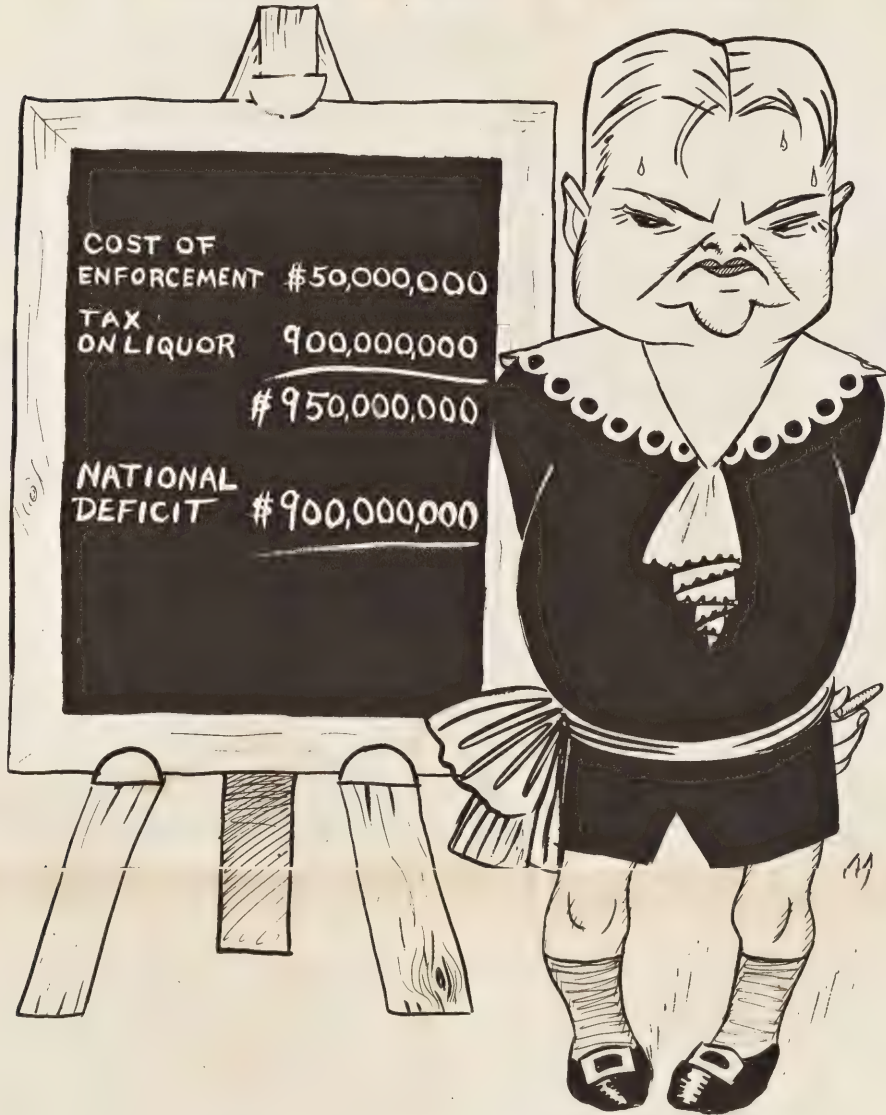


FLOHERT  
J  
+KB

"—we're just the Lord's little children."



# A NOT SO COMIC VALENTINE



## DON'T BE A DUMMY!

Aw, come on, Herbie, lets CAN the politics!  
We're wise to Washington—we're not a bunch of hicks!  
Why tax us more? We can't even pay our bills.  
Tax all the LIQUOR! There's gold in them thar stills!  
You're an economist—this is a war!  
Migawd can't you see 2 and 2 equals 4?  
You know the cure, Herbie, and you know this is it,  
Come on, come clean! and clean up the deficit!

Editor's note—If you're in favor of this here now sentiment, tear out the valentine and mail it to Herbert C. Hoover, Washington, D. C. If five or six million are sent in, you can't tell. . . .



OH, MR  
**ZILCH!**

ABRIL  
LAMARQUE





"That's my husband all right—he always fell over everything coming in."

"We've got the jump on our competitors and that's half the battle."







"Beau"  
New Yorker

# PROFILES

"BEAU" NEW YORKER was born on a rainy Sunday afternoon in Dubuque to a girl named Nellie Blah. "Beau" has no memory of his parents except that his mother worked in a drygoods store and an old theatrical trunk was his earliest plaything. From the drygoods store he got his notions and out of the trunk came his comic coat and the turtle neck dress shirt. Nobody knows if that is his father's hair. He had his hat on.

"Beau's" next coherent memory is sitting at a round table somewhere with a terrible headache. "Beau" hasn't the faintest recollection whether he brought the headache with him from Dubuque or whether the honor belongs to the great city. "If she came from Dubuque," he says, "it makes me liable to the Mann Act. Anyhow she refused to use her husband's name and does it matter as long as we really loved each other? I am not very interested in knowing."

He wouldn't be very interesting in telling, either.

ABOUT this time *Life* was just a bowl of cherries and "Beau" thought it would be a good idea to start a new magazine. One of his earliest hunches was about pictures in magazines.

"Why," he would ask as he stood on the sand at Rockaway Point with a mouthful of broken glass, "does a picture have to mean anything as long as it isn't funny?" This is typical of the way the man's mind works.

The picture problem settled to everyone's satisfaction, "Beau" next turned his attention to text. By re-

writing the paid advertisements in a chatty, informative manner implying that it would be better to be found dead at a dogfight than be without a chased chromium bust-proof bathrobe, "Beau" discovered he could provide pure reading matter which would not offend the client. From the start the advertisers liked the idea of surrounding their advertising with more advertising so much that now you can't tell the advertising from the reading matter, as if you wanted to.

WHEN all the advertisers feet are buttered and pages still lack to complete the bulk, "Beau" takes a leaf from the *Old Farmer's Almanack* and blows it up to sixty pounds pressure with Triple Extract de Zilche Pour Madammy. The result he presents as interesting and trenchant items. Sometimes he forgets and takes a leaf from the Sears, Roebuck Catalogue. When this happens it is generally covered up by the editorial assistants under the headings "Ho Hum Department," "Uh Huh Department," "Raised Eyebrows Department," "Nordic Supremacy Department," "The Department of Cramps and Strictures" and "Gimbel's Basement." The editorial department, made up mostly of graduates of the Florence Nightingale school has been rigidly trained in the principle of "what you don't know can't possibly hurt our customers."

The actual editorial work, "Beau" confesses, offers a fascination far beyond miniature stock plunging, scout mastery or sticking pins through flies. "What weight shall we make the magazine so that it can still be carried easily under a stenographer's arm" is a seemingly trivial question. Yet, according to "Beau," the carrying of *The New Yorker* under a stenographer's arm is worth more than all the newsstand distribution of the American News Co. A while back the report came from the circulation department that the stenographers were no longer carrying the magazine under their arms.

They were reading it! Consternation! Confusion! Confabulation! Conference! "Block that quick!" cried Zilley, "make the magazine totally incomprehensible! Make it porous!" It was done. In a short time, every stenographer worthy of the name was carrying two copies of the magazine, *one under each arm!*

ONLY the closest cooperation and intercorrelation of employees is countenanced by "Beau". To this end he favors the military huddle as taught by two Roxy ex-ushers named Pyramus and Thisbe. At the sound of the temple gong, everybody troops into the concentration or de-lousing room, and sits down at a large table upon which all material has been heaped in a pile. Music, provided by the Musical Events Department and His Connecticut Yonkels, plays, and the staff rises and does the grand-chain, boys to the right, girls to the left, you left your key in the door the last time, Sadie. When the music stops, each one picks a contribution at random and sends it back with a rejection slip and a bill for storage to the lucky contributor. The advance number is then made up out of what is left, missing parts and odds-and-ends being supplied by the Missing Parts and Odds-and-Ends Department. "We haven't much circulation," says "Beau," wistfully, "but it's a hell of a lot of fun."

"Beau" intends to keep on with it until Mayor Walker takes the visor off his берет. "Sure it's a racket, but any racket is good as long as you have guts." "Beau" does not mince words except after dinner, when, as every cultured hostess knows, after dinner mince reflect the piquant personality of the smart home.

"A man came to me," says "Beau," "and said 'so make me a magazine.' So what? So I rose to the occasion. It was the yeast I could do."

H. W. Zilch-Hanemann.





"Now that the jungle picture's finished,  
what're we going to do with these 6,285  
elephants?"

Jack



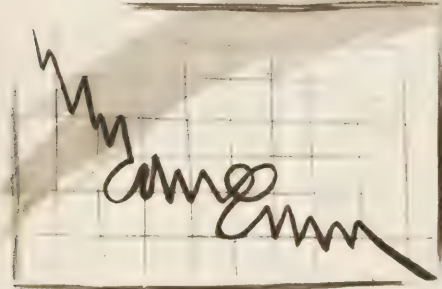
"Come on boys—the old spirit—remember the time we broke into the 1st National Bank!"



"Her femur's too long, an' her tibia's too short."



"What the hell do you know about level! If I want to see her, I'll see her!"



"There's the story, B. F.—the public has not been loyal to O'Hooligan's Split Peas!"



"An' what'll we do when we get through cussin'?"





BE SUCCESSFUL  
AUTOMAT

SO REFRESHING

SUCCESS

KEEP OFF

C.W. ANDERSON

# BALLYHOO'S BETTER BABIES

Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!

Once again Ballyhoo crashes through to the rescue of the Battered Brothers of Broad street! Here's a chance for our Wailing Wall Flowers to make an honest living! Make money in your spare time!

**HAVE YOU A PRETTY BABY?**

(Why, of course you have!)

Enter her in Ballyhoo's Better Baby Contest!

Send in her photograph now and you may win a big prize! You may even be able to get the Rolls out of hock.



The Prize Winning Babies pictured here are from Earl Carroll's Vanities. (Phone numbers on request).



**THIS PAGE IS MISSING!**



**THIS PAGE IS MISSING!**





# The Tie-up

A Short Short Short Short Short Short Short Story

(Reading time: Eastern Standard.)

By Gurney Williams Zilch

MILTON TWERP, the chief copywriter, banged the table for attention, and six ad writers sat up in their chairs.

"You boys all know why we're here," Twerp began. "We've got to have a slogan and we've got to have it quick! You're all familiar with the product, you've all written tobacco copy, and it seems to me you ought to tie-up some of those cigarette slogans and knock out a whang-dilly Now get busy!"

One of the six copywriters who bent over the long table and began to scribble on scratch pads was Clyde Femur, the newest addition to the creative staff of the Blatten, Blatten & Blah Agency. Although he had often made brilliant suggestions that had been gratefully accepted by his superiors, this was the first time Clyde had been permitted to take an actual part in the preparation of any advertising campaign, and his heart thumped wildly as he prepared to put his thoughts on paper.

"I've got to make good!" he thought, gritting his teeth. "I've got to make good, so Mary'll marry me!"

For twenty minutes nothing could be heard save the crumpling of paper and the snapping of pencil points. Then Twerp banged his gavel and the tired copywriters straightened up in their chairs.

"Jones," said Twerp, "let's hear yours."

Jones stood up and cleared his throat. "It seems to me," he said nervously, "that this would be good: 'Consider your larynx.'"

"Rotten!" growled Twerp. "Smith?"

"Well," said Smith, "how about this: 'Protervity is a horrid word but it's worse—'"

"It couldn't be worse!" snapped Twerp. "Rosa?"

"I suggest 'Avoid harsh procracity.'"

Gurney Williams Zilch was a newspaper man for seven years but didn't sell any papers, so he started in selling old clothes—mostly his own. Now he's in the monkey business and has promised never to write another story for us.



for the Blotz company.

not only good but perfect!"

"Fair," Twerp admitted.

He paused and glanced at Clyde with a slight sneer, "do you suppose you can suggest anything better, Femur?"

*Fliberty now offers*

5c to \$5,000.00  
A piece

for Short Short Short  
Short Short Stories

THEY must be written on the head of a pin, the shorter the better. If you don't know any pin heads, most any Fliberty reader will do.

5c is the minimum price paid for all short stories accepted, and try and get more than the minimum!

*Authors and Authoresses!*

Kindly remember that we receive thousands of stories every day, so in order to save us both trouble, DON'T SEND ANY IN.

"Lousy!" Twerp snarled. "Joe, what have you got to offer?"

"I thought 'Kept fresh by cellophane' would be good."

Twerp sat back in his chair and glowered. "Oh, you did, eh?" he said disgustedly. "Well, lemme tell you something—they're not wrapping Blotz products in cellophane, and you can believe it or not! . . . Frank, let's have your ideas."

"I've got a couple," said Frank. "Be nonchalant with Blotz', and 'Good—they've got to be

not only good but perfect!"

"Fair," Twerp admitted.

He paused and glanced at Clyde with a slight sneer, "do you suppose you can suggest anything better, Femur?"

Clyde's face went white and his knees shook as he got to his feet. He clutched the table with one hand and took a deep breath. Then—"M-mine is simple," he stammered, "but it may do the trick. How about: 'They're always demulcent to your throat!'"

Twerp threw down his gavel in amazement. "Good work!" he cried. "From now on that's the slogan, boys! 'Blotz collars are always demulcent to your throat!'" . . .

"They raised my salary," said Clyde proudly, "and now we can be married, darling."

"That's grand, precious," said Mary. "But tell me, what did you do to deserve it?"

"I invented a slogan," Clyde said modestly.

"You invented a slogan?" Mary repeated incredulously.

Clyde nodded happily. "It'll be in every magazine, on every billboard, on the radio, in street cars, railroad stations, electric signs, and—"

BANG! . . .

Mary was acquitted.

THE END

(thank Gawd!)

# UNPOPULAR MECHANICS



## NEW AUTO-GYRO BUILT FOR TWO

Photo shows dual-control, with safety clutch. This machine can land like a ton of bricks.



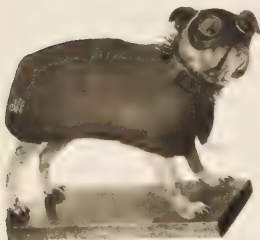
## CHICKEN CARVING NOW SHEAR FUN

This chicken shearer, invented for chicken-hearted carvers, makes meal-time a pleasure for everybody but the chicken.



## THE BABY WATCH FOB

This comes in handy for parents who object to carrying Junior around in their arms, and it also prevents accidents.



## STUFFED DOG INVENTS HAIR SHIRT

A stuffed shirt has invented a hair dog. No, we mean a shirt dog has invented a stuffed —oh, the hell with it. Aren't you glad you read this magazine?



## THE SHIP DEFENDER OF THE RAILS

The new open air Pullman, invented by Ephraim Zilch, to be entered in the new Transcontinental Sweepstakes. Zilch will pilot the "America XVIII" himself in person.





### TAXI DRIVER DRIVES AT HOME

Just to keep up in his home-work, Otto Plopp, taxi driver, built this indoor cab. "It keeps me out of the open air," says Plopp, "and I make just as much money."



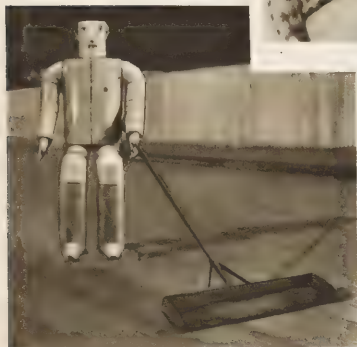
### CROONING USED AS ANESTHETIC

In a recent operation on an actor, crooning brought to the operating table by earphones was the only anesthetic used. P.S. The patient died.



### ANTI-MASHING CAP

Prevents necking and insures good morals. Window made of non-breakable, kiss-proof glass.



### NEW ROBOT SWEEPS CLEAN

Latest mechanical man, invented to relieve unemployment, and which will free thousands of men for the breadlines.



### BLIMP USES HOT AIR FROM SENATE

"Farm relief talk especially effective," said Commander Rosendilly, as he left the Capitol under full powers supplied by senators.




"What a shame. Not a single corpse today."



"Him? He's the fellow from downstairs who came up to complain about the noise."





"Here's a list of the things you'll  
accomplish if elected."

# HUMOROUS

The Cream of



We are compiling a record of the class graduating in 1917 so please fill out the blank giving present occupation, annual income. . . .

—Life

Well, if the new Congress doesn't accomplish anything else, it should at least give us some idea which way the wind blows.

—Judge



Poetical Pete

Curiosity is a fault  
Which stirs my imagination;  
The quality I prize is zeal  
For first-hand information!

—Life



"I don't need any help. I just said, 'Hi, boy; Hi, boy! Hi boy!'"

—Judge

The Osteopathic Society of New York is demanding an apology from the American College of Surgeons. We warn the surgeons not to shake hands.

—Life

Two grasshoppers were found recently on the forty-third floor of a New York building. Pedestrians have been found higher.

—Life



"Take hold of Nurse's hand, Betty. It's a windy day."

—Colliers.



"April fifth, was the last the children and I ever saw of him."

—New Yorker

# DEPARTMENT

the Nation's Wit



"Excuse me, sir, but what do you use on your hair?"

—Judge

Speaking of popular songs, it was the banks of the Wabash which threw it into the hands of the receivers.

—New Yorker

Seems to me that we've got kind o' muddled up on prohibition, an' are blamin' it f'r creatin' some kinds o' meanness that it jest uncovers.

—Saturday Evening Post

And, nowadays, lots of Southern planters probably wish they were anywhere but in de land ob cotton.

—Judge

"She got married and she's awfully blue about it."

—New Yorker

1st Co-ed—I see where Nietzsche says that all worthwhile ideas come while you're walking.

2nd Co-ed—Oh, that's out of date. Mine comes just a few minutes before.

—Life.

Love For Sale

During a separation suit a Poughkeepsie man valued his wife at \$5. Everywhere we see things going below cost.

—Life

Poor Form

Four Ohio golfers were struck by lightning and only slightly injured. The lightning was probably pressing.

—Life.



"Oh, Girls! I just can't describe to you the wonderful freedom of the Air!"

—Saturday Evening Post



"Well, imagine findin' you here!"

"Yeh! I got connections in this town."

—College Humor





"Ah, just like the good old days down on the farm."

"But if we don't reproduce our kind, we are a total loss, biologically speaking."

ANDERSON



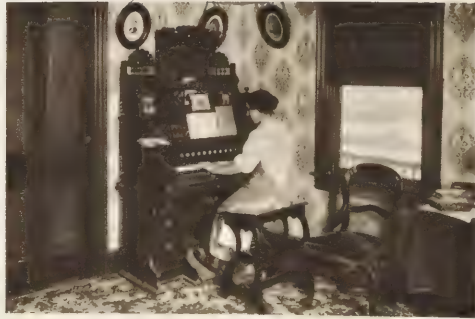
RALPH  
FULLER



# • BALLYHOUSE AND GARDEN •



Right: A modernistic trend is shown in this compact washing nook, the creation of Crane Plumbing. The pail may be had in red for fire only.



Complete harmony in furnishings. The music room of Madame De Rosa, wife of the Manchurian minister to Kansas. Organ by special permission of the copyright owners. Upholstered by Gosh. Old American mortgages throughout.



To please the menfolk is every woman's problem. This is how Mrs. Peter Arnix has arranged a corner of her husband's den. "Mr. Arnix simply lives in this room," says his charming wife. Note the use of quaint Dutch tiles and the antique whatnot in the corner.



The hobby corner of a country estate. Mrs. Van Zilcherbilt is snapped killing an idle hour picking off buttons. The tub is the distinctive bread winner model with seductive curves and white apron.



An outdoor sleeping porch for the whole family. Designed for informal use by Mae Cohen and Cohen, architects and landscape gardeners. Also notary public. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Push Carter are the owners.



Extreme simplicity is the motif of Mrs. De Hook Linansinker's country penthouse. *Zilch* Quartette period. The decoration is rendered complete by a Ming dynasty fan which goes back to the company next month.



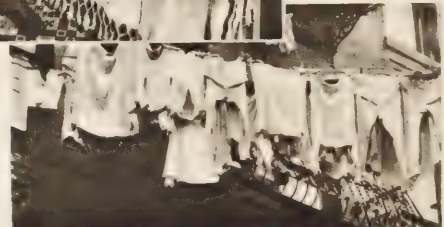
HANDY CREEK STOMACH CLOCK

Strikes a distinctive note in the decoration of the small flat. Can be had with alarm. Sundial model 50c extra.



MILADY'S HAY

A gentle-woman's retiring room. Ballyhouse and Garden's Brooklyn correspondent is shown sketching the period bedrooms of Mrs. Maggie Sand Beach, one of the Long Island Beaches.



That homey touch in town-house decoration. Achieved by a liberal use of colored flannels in the washing. This porch screen is in the New York Manner. Stained glass windows by Cole Dust and Co.

A hint of atmosphere gives charm to the renovated home. Photo shows the terrace of the Mrs. Morris O'Hara estate in South-West Orange. The goat is a fashionable platinum blonde. Sweet and Lovely, exterior decorators.



"Hi, Pal!"



"So I sez to him—lemme see yer license."



# Holy



# SOCKS



By George V

"MY socks look like spats," I complain to the wife the other morning. "Is that all I can get around here?"

"Well," snaps the frau, "a sock on the foot is worth two on the jaw, even if it *is* full of holes!"

"No buttons on my shirts, and holes in my socks!" I snorts. "Believe me, there's gonna be some changes around this here Palace, or—"

"Pipe down!" cuts in the storm and strife. "You'll be wantin' buttons on the socks, next!"

"And you'll be gettin' a sock on the button!" I shouts. "It's about time you started darnin' some of these socks!"

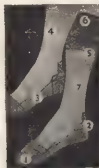
"Why don't you stop damnin' 'em," inquires the ball and chain, "and buy some of these here Real Slik socks?"

"Good idea," I grumbles.

Well, to make a long story, I bought some Real Slik socks and I've been happy ever since because I've given up socks altogether. It don't show, if you wear spats.

#### IN NO OTHER SOCKS AT ANY PRICE

1 Six-Ply Toe—hard rubber casing, guaranteed puncture-proof. 2 Collapsible heel. 3 Bottom part. 4 Ankle. 5 Where silk meets cotton. 6 Attach garter here. 7 Your trouser cuff should come down to here.



REALSLIK



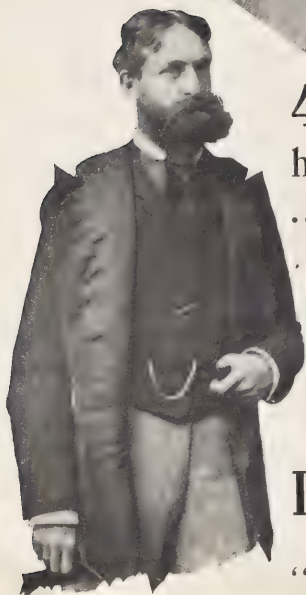
ADVERTISER'S NOTE.—Best known for his job as King of England, George V is also ruler of Great Britain. When we asked him to write us something about Real Slik socks he said, "The hell I will!" so we got a staff man to do it.

THE SOCKS WITH THE SEX APPEAL

..... WHY DON'T OUR DOCTORS...

*Are your loved ones . . .*

# HEALTHY?



4 out of 5 healthy people  
have Alganesthesia... Blepharitis  
... Clanstrophobia... Schizotrichia  
... Xanthochromia . . . BUT . . .  
*They Don't Know It!*

Take no chances with the health of your loved ones. . . . Have them examined *NOW* by Dr. Homer P. Healey, the famous physician, whose Pink Pills for Pale People are Pure!

## Dr. Homer P. Healey

850 Park Ave., New York City

**"HEALEY WILL HEAL YOU!"**



AND LAWYERS ADVERTISE? .....

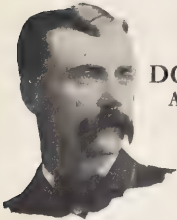
*"I've been a  
Changed Woman  
since Douglas Dugan  
handled my case."*

*Nellie Zilch*

NELLIE ZILCH, now appearing in "RENO RENA" is only one of hundreds of Movie Stars for whom I have obtained DIVORCES. My methods are QUICK and DIRTY, and I GET RESULTS FASTER than any other lawyer in the country.

Zip—

and you're free!



**DOUGLAS DUGAN**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Los Angeles, Cal.



**NOTE**

Not one cent was paid to Miss Zilch for this testimonial. Miss Zilch has been a steady DUGAN customer for many years.

**"GET A DIVORCE  
THE DUGAN WAY!"**

# “What’s my Darling eating now?”



WHEN husbands go away on business trips (that is, if they *do* go away!) and “eat out” with other men, what do they order?

Well, lady, we’ll tell you. After all, men are just little boys, aren’t they? Aren’t we all! Why wear a truss?

Well, lady, we started to tell you what these “little boys” order.

They order hot dogs, ham-



burger sandwiches, with a Bermuda onion, French pastries, Martinis, Manhattans, Side Cars, Old Fashions, Bacardis, Beer, Pretzels, Cheese and Crackers . . . everything

that is bad for little boys . . . and, here’s the pay-off . . . none of this stuff is cooked with RISCO, so when they go away, put a can of RISCO in their grip.



YOU CAN’T GO WRONG WITH RISCO





## Ye Olde Booke Nooke

By YE OLDE BOOKE WORME

### PINK LETTUCE

by

ROLLO VAN POLLO

Rollo Van Pollo's latest book of free verse (why pay more?)—takes in the whole of Life. It takes in the birds, the beasts, the bees, the show-ers, the flowers, the trees, the tree-toads, the tree-surgeons, everything! It even takes in the readers. It is more futuristic than "Beige Bath-tubs," more baffling than "Hysterical Wistaria," more powerful than "Lavender Limburger." Mr. Van Pollo has earned the sobriquet (whatever that means): "The Soul of Free Verse." Van Pollo is forever Wondering about something—Life, Death, The Hereafter, How to Pay the Rent, and other Great Problems. This wonderment he translates into his verse; he leaves it to the readers to translate the verse. This is impos-sible—so they merely wonder at him, and he wonders at them. Which makes it all quite unintelligible. This is the secret of his success. Some of his Musings, taken at random (the way they were written):

#### WHY?

Why  
Do I live?  
I just give  
My life  
To my wife.  
Live  
Give  
Life  
Wife,  
Knife?

Why  
Should I die?  
I would lie  
In the ground  
Without a sound.  
Die  
Lie  
Ground  
Sound.  
Drowned?

#### THOUGHTS

The brook runs into the river  
The river runs into the sea  
The sea runs into the land  
Land runs into money.  
Funny!

(Continued on page 46)



Before

After

## SEND BACK THAT CHINFUL YOUTH LINE

Are you up to your neck in chins? In this era of depression one chin is enough for anybody.

If you are a patriotic American you will get rid of your surplus chins NOW.

Amazing results secured immediately. Our treatment sends your chins around to the back, where they won't be noticed.

SEND FOR OUR FAMOUS CHIN-WRECKING COLLAR—ONLY \$6.



THE  
3rd DEGREE  
CHIN-WRECKING  
CORPORATION

Detroit, Mich.

BE KIND TO YOUR DOUBLE CHINS

## Ye Olde Booke Nooke

(Continued from page 45)

It's very nice  
To skate on the ice.  
(But it's bad for one's pomposity  
To skate on one's bombosity).

### SCIENCE vs. RELIGION

When  
I lived in Worcester  
I had a rooster  
Who could stand on one leg  
And beg.  
Once he laid an egg!  
Don't ask me how  
For I trow  
If I knew  
I would do  
It too.  
Wouldn't you?

### HOW?

Now  
I see a cow  
A black and white cow  
A moolie cow  
A black and white moolie cow  
Switching her tail  
Behind the jail.  
(She's out on bail!)  
Standing in mud  
Cnewing her cud.  
THUD!

And now  
I see a sow  
A fat sow  
A very fat sow  
A positively obese sow  
Wallowing in her pen.  
Her name is Ben.  
It might have been Myrtle  
Or Dolores  
Or Gertie  
(Gad! But she's dirty!)  
But it isn't Myrtle  
Or Dolores  
Or Gertie  
(Dirty ole Gertie!)  
It's none of them.  
It's Ben.

### THOUGHT

A Goof  
Aloof  
Well half aloof  
Is better  
Than none  
Nerts!

# BY 11 A. M. YOU KNOW THE ENERGY VALUE OF A QUICKY QUACKY OATS BREAKFAST



There's energy and pep in a Quicky Quacky Oats Breakfast. You will find you get more work done . . . more accomplished.

Say to your butler,  
"Quick, Watson! the

**QUICKY  
QUACKY  
OATS!"**





*He loves your petal soft, girlish hands*



*Don't let your hands lose their appealing soft touch. Keep them in trim at all times by giving them plenty of exercise.*

But there's only *disenchantment* in the feel of harsh dry hands . . .

**JUST** a few minutes each day of the right care (and feeding of husbands) will give your hands that certain touch that men love.

Thousands of women have proved it.

Start in with little slaps, and gradually work your way up to socks. This, with the addition of Lergen's Lotion, keeps the hands healthy and firm, and their husbands in the right place.

Let Lergen's lead the way.



*Lergen's Lotion leaves luscious lily white hands.*

*Lergens Lotion* }

Relieves Pain  
Polishes Automobiles  
Good in Cocktails  
Nice on Strawberries  
Kind to your Throat

## KENNEL & PET DIRECTORY



### A Gentleman's Saddle Animal

Spirited hunter and  
puddle jumper. Height,  
13 hands, and an elbow.

### Langhorne Zilch

Hoocy-on-the-Hudson



### The Aristocrat of Dogdom

Our dogs are so snooty  
they even snub debu-  
tantes. A lorgnette goes  
with each dog. Prices  
unreasonable. + + +

### BACK BAY KENNELS

BOSTON, MASS.

### Welch Rarebit Hound

Ideal for small apart-  
ment. Requires no  
food except beer.

### CHEESEBORO KENNELS

VERMONT



### SIBERIAN CARRIAGE DOG

A good outdoor pet for all weather. Kind to  
children and policemen. Excellent cigarette retriever.  
Photo shows George, out of bounds, by jimminy.

### YE OLDE DOGGE SHOPPE

NOME, ALASKA

### Have You Thought of a Snake?

Our parlor pythons  
make pretty pets.

Affectionate, fond of children, thoroughly housebroken.  
Prices, \$3.50 a yard up. Wrapped in cellophane.



### SNAPPY SNAKE FARM

GREAT NECK, L. I.



Get ready today  
for tomorrow!



DRAIN  
FILL



*They say* APOLOGIES TO ALMOST  
EVERYBODY.

LISTEN

Everybody . . . well practically everybody is heading South . . . migratious! Everywhere Nature is making all safe against frost. BUT it's your job to fill your own crankcase . . . before any damage is done. THEN refill with crack-proof Bexaco Scotch, the golden liquid that flows freely in zero weather.

"CRACK-PROOF" . . .LASTS LONGER

**BEXACO SCOTCH**

